

Charles Wright Potter

Tape #394 #395

Interviewed by: Michelle Fuller April 6, 2006

Transcribed by: Michelle Fuller April 2006

MF: This is Michelle Fuller with the Uintah County Regional History Center. I am here interviewing Mr. Charles Wright Potter of Talmage, Utah. We are going to turn the time over to Mr. Potter and have him start by telling us a little bit about his family history, about where he was born and who his parents are.

FAMILY HISTORY:

CP: I am Charles Wright Potter, born July 30, 1921 in Talmage, Utah, Duchesne County on the family homestead, as were seven other children in the family. My parents were George Elzy Potter, and Maude Hall Potter. My parents homesteaded in 1910 in Boneta coming up from down Southern Utah, Kane County primarily for they were married in Flag Staff Arizona on the sixth of June 1908.

CP: (Tape #395 side a) My Great Great Grandad Hall, was one of the originators of Halls Crossing, on the arm of Lake Powell to Bull Frog Marina now. But it used to be just a ferry across the Colorado river. He and his son Job Picture Hall, was my Great Great Grandad, and Charles Hall was my Grandad. Well between the two of them and the start somewhere, I don't know how much truth there is in it. But the story comes to me that it was those two that started Halls Crossing. The ferry boat across the Colorado river from Halls Crossing on the side near Blanding Utah over to Bull Frog basin across the area back this way, where they ferried back and forth taking people back and forth. I guess it was maybe as late as 1954 you know after Glen Canyon Dam was started down there.

CP:(Notes): My Great Great Grandfather Job Picture Hall, born in Maine, joined the LDS Church around 1850, a carpenter by trade, and a cooper, a manufacturer of barrels. He had two sons, Charles Hall, and Robert Hall. He was called to colonize towns along the Colorado River, Escalante and Paria area.

CP: Notes : My Grandfather Charles Hall married Sarah Amy Babcock. They had eight children before she died, from complications of child birth. The family names were, Mary Hall Brown, Myrtle Hall Lloyd, Ernest Hall, Earl Hall, Alvin Hall, Maud Hall Potter, Minnie Hall Brown, Estella Hall Pit. They spent time on the ferry and lived in Escalante, Kane County where my mother Maud Hall was born October 9, 1893.

CP:(Tape# 394 side a)

My mother's father had six children, and his wife died shortly after the birth of the sixth child. We don't know whether it was a complication of child birth, but she died. But anyway Grandpa Hall, felt that he couldn't support his children so, anybody that wanted a child to raise was welcome to a child. Therefore, the daughters were spread over a million miles there.

My mother Maude went to live with a family by the name of George Kitchen in Kanab, when she was eleven or twelve years old in that area there.

CP: (Tape #395 Side a) and (CP: Notes) My mother's father lived in Escalante and Paria over in Wellington south of Price. He operated an over night rest stop and feed station for the freight haulers between Price and Fort Duchesne, (Nine Mile Canyon).

His twin daughters, my mother Maud and her twin sister Minnie lived in the mouth of Nine Mile Canyon, and Minnie Maud Creek joined the Nine Mile River somewhere down there. Because my mother Maud and her identical twin sister Minnie lived there. The canyon still carries their name which was called Minnie Maud Canyon.

CP:(Notes: Added): Abner Wright Potter, my Grandad on my fathers side, was born in the Red River Valley in Texas. My Grandmother Sarah Elizabeth Angel, was born in Kentucky and migrated north with the sheep herds, and cattle drive's, from Texas through New Mexico, Arizona and into Southern Utah. Until the Uinta Basin was open to homesteading, where they found 160 acres on the Big Hollow in Boneta, Duchesne County. Where they both passed away about 1925-1928. They had six boys, Jim, Will, Gene, Wright, Elzy, Charley and one girl Jenny. Grandpa and Will, Wright, Charley, Elzy and Jenny all had homesteads within five miles of each other.

CP: (Tape #394 Side a) My father Elzy had a brother Will, that's wife, was a Kitchen girl, her name was Rose Kitchen. To come and see him, he rode over on horseback. Mama was thirteen and Papa at that time was thirty-one and that was the time they first met. Between the time he met my mother; they went to Flagstaff Arizona by horse and buggy from Kanab, to be married on the sixth of June 1908. They traveled from Kanab to Flagstaff and back again to live there with Uncle Will and Aunt Rose.

Their first girl, she must have been a little fast, she was born just six months later, born in Peoria, Utah, near Escalante.

At that time they had established the ranch in Boneta, where Mama and Papa (George Elzy) and (Maude Hall) lived there until the two sets of twins were born on the ranch in Boneta. That was after Sarah Elizabeth was born in Peoria.

The fact that we don't know, but I believe that as a lot of the old timers did, that Pyreah was a Southern Utah description of gum disease Pyreah that caused the fall out of teeth. My mother lost her teeth when she was thirty years old from this gum disease. So I am of the belief, that the Peoria as they call it today is a derivative from the water that they felt contaminated them with the disease of Pyreah.

MF: Are you one of the oldest or in the middle of the children?

CP: I am number seven of the ten children raised to maturity. My mother had a total of nineteen children. She buried four sets of twin boys and one single birth daughter. The first two sets of twins were still births, or miscarriages whatever you wish to call it there were no name attached to them. They were either born dead or immediately after birth because they never were named.

They were born and buried on my Uncle Wills farm in Boneta. The third set of twins, Albert and Alvin were born July 30, 1913 at the ranch in Talmage on the homestead there. And then the fourth set of twins was born March 14, 1927 in Boneta in Duchesne County.

My oldest sister Sarah Elizabeth was born in Peria, near Escalante Utah, on January 2, 1909. Raymond Elzy, June 23, 1912; George Leonard, September 26, 1914; William Lawrence, March 21, 1916; Francis Elsie, October 31, 1917; Minnie Lois, August 14, 1919; Charles Wright, July 30, 1921; Mary Amy, April 3, 1923; Howard Whitmore, May 18, 1925; Maude Irene, March 7, 1931.

From then on it was just fourteen months to two years apart all the way.

MF: Wow! She's a remarkable mother to have so many children.

CP: I can't believe those things, but that's the fact.

MF: What is unique or so special about your background?

CP: The fact that I have lived this long.

MF: Let's go back to your childhood when your family homesteaded in Talmage. Where exactly did you live as a child?

CP: I was born in July 1921, on the homestead there in Talmage. And I think being the gypsy decent. One place wasn't good enough so our first move from the homestead was in the fall of 1924. We moved down to Upalco to a man's place of Mr. Holt right beside where the Sand Wash Reservoir is now. My younger brother Howard was born in Upalco on May 18, 1925 down in the swamp below the Sand Wash Reservoir. From Upalco we moved to Big Hollow, maybe you know where Big Hollow is. But if you don't, it's still there. My Grandad and my Uncle homesteaded that, we lived there for a period of three years. We moved down there in the fall of 1925, and stayed there until the spring of 1928. The fourth set of twin boys were born in Boneta, on Grandpa Potters place down to Big Hollow, on March 14, 1927. Leland and Lorin were their names. Leland lived for five days, Lorin lived to be nine months old and died from measles.

In the fall of 1928 we moved back to Talmage. It was decided we'd move from the ranch up town two and half miles, because walking those wintery paths back in those days wasn't to be had. We moved back to Talmage and lived in Will Thompson's old grocery store, a great big ole barn there. And we lived there partially that winter, I don't remember how early in the spring we moved away. My sister Ilene the only girl to pass away was born there, and she just lived five days. That was the end of the deaths. And from there we lived on happily ever after.

CP: We moved back to our ranch in Talmage, stayed there until divorce proceedings came about. My mother and dad separated in 1931 after twenty-two years of marriage and nineteen children. He left my mother with five children and a herd of fifteen starve to death cows. We packed up the brood and went to a place called Arcadia, down to Sy Oborn's place, where mom thought well

all's going to be rosy. Well it went rosy all right, until the 15th of December and then the roses quit bloomin. We moved from there over to I call it, Lake Borham. Lake Borham is there now but they built Lake Borham the year after we lived there. We moved there in December 1933, we stayed there through the September of 1934. We farmed the place there in Arcadia on Lake Borham; I refer to as Lake Borham. I went looking for it yesterday but you couldn't get into it because where Lake Borham is built there now the water is backed up where the ranch was.

In the fall the depression was depression. You couldn't do anything; you couldn't buy anything; you couldn't sell anything. My mother sold the last cows that she had for twenty dollars a head to the government and four dollars a head for the calves. Packed up our dry goods that we had, on that old dead ex hard wheel wagon, and high tailed it to Roosevelt. We stayed there rented from this lady until the next spring, until February. I started to school in the eighth grade in Roosevelt in the fall of 1934 and stayed there in Roosevelt until February 1935 and Mama and her new boyfriend gathered together and went from there, back to our ranch in Talmage.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES:

CP: The spring of 1926 that was the spring before I turned five in July. I went with my Dad to take a load of wool from Boneta, to Price. We had five three- hundred pound bags of wool on the wagon and that was a complete load. We got as far as Duchesne and decided that it was lunch time. Papa went down to the store to buy a bale of hay for the horses and while he was there he bought a can of vienna sausage and brought them back and we had them for lunch, and my love for vienna sausages has never subsided.

We got going up Indian Canyon, I don't know if it was the first, second day or whatever anyhow the roads were rough, it was just plain dirt roads, that was all there was, no black top no nothing in those days. And we got going up the road and we got near the top of Indian Canyon and the mud got so deep that the two horses couldn't pull the load. So my Dad put me in the wagon and spread the tarp over the wool and me to keep me dry. And said, "I'm going up to the ranger station and get another horse to pull the load over the summit". While I was there alone in the wagon bawling, two fellows came up in a truck. And said, What's your troubles? So I related all the troubles that I could think of. And before I got through telling them the story my dad came back with the horse. These two fellows offered to pull the wagon over the hill with their truck. Papa said, "No we have an extra horse we can make it all right".

So they got on their truck and left. We hooked the horse up and made it up over the top of the mountain, and I said to my dad who were those guys. He said, "Oh they were just a couple bull shippers". I wouldn't say that he said anything nasty. We got over the mountain and here these two guy's with their truck was pulled off the side of the road, they had broken down. Well being a five year old, I only repeated what I'd heard. I know who you guys are. One guy said yes, who are we? Well my papa said, "You were a couple of bull shippers". I lived, with that all my life. More times than one my dad repeated that story among company.

We made it to Price, drug the wool off the wagon on the side of a box car, and run a cable threw that box car over to an old truck they had there. Hooked that wool sack on and the truck would back up and drag that three hundred, pound wool onto the box car. All the helpers would roll the wool into the box car. That's the way they loaded the wool.

Return back to Boneta, my dad would walk along the rail road tracks and pick up coal that would shake off the coal cars. He had a small blacksmith shop at home and that was his source of fuel. He would save this coal to burn in this black smith blower he had there to heat the iron up with and that's the way he kept his fire going. We completed the journey with no further troubles or anything. It must have been a six- day trip going and coming in that wagon.

MF: That sounds like a fun experience with your dad.

(Taken from Tape #395) CP: Crossing the Rock Creek Dam the stream of water coming down wasn't big enough to worry about but it scared all the life out of me to go across that river in this wagon. I just knew we were going to be washed right on down the river. And every time I'd get on the other side of the river, I had to stop and go around behind the bush every time I crossed the river. It was my first thing I had to do was to go behind that bush. It just scared the hell right out of me.

Down in Upalco on this first move that we made to Sand Wash, the water comes down off the hill and drops into Sand Wash. Well it used to be that canal went right directly West which was just an open flow of water, great big ol water falls come rushing down over those rocks. There was an old rickety bridge that we had to go across to get over to our ranch just a half mile up the creek. It just scared all kinds of devil out of me to go across that old bridge, I was afraid that bridge was falling down and it scared me so bad. That was the worst two times that I was ever scared, was fording across Rock Creek and across the Sand Wash canal.

The big gray granite rocks just below the Still Water Dam, on Rock Creek River goes across the canyon a mile or so down. There's a great big old white gray granite rock ledge popped out from the wall of the mountain. And it was still standing there yesterday . I just knew from all the Talmage tales, that's where the Indians were hiding, up in that rock, why we always knew that the Indians were there hiding. And every time I went by, I was looking for the Indians. Never did see them because, I was looking for them yesterday when we went up by there again.

So we would take five or six days every year and go up with a buggy, horse, and wagons and go up in the Rock creek area there gathering Oregon grapes, service berries, bull berries, wild black currents whatever wild fruit there was. That was our winter supply of fruit, one trip each year we would do this.

CP: We had a Dr. Wood that lived down to Duchesne. He had his office in Duchesne. When I was about four years old a big abscess formed on my right jaw, it got all infected and formed a great big lump on my jaw here looked like a big goose egg. Well they took me from Talmage and hauled me sixteen miles down to Duchesne. The doctor put me on the table. Papa held me down, and he took this knife and shoved it right in there. You can still see the scar, right there where he punctured that abscess.

MF: He did it from outside of your skin not from the inside of your mouth?

CP: No!. They lanced the abscess from the out side then when it healed, I went back and had my tonsils out.

MF: What year was that?

CP: 1926 or 1927, I must have been about four years old, because I moved down to Upalco in the spring before I turned five. My brother Howard, was born in Upalco in 1925. So I was probably just four years old when they hauled me down in the buggy. And lanced that abscess.

MF: What was the name of the midwife that delivered you?

CP: Nancy Jensen, they had a ranch there, and had a farm there, close by in Talmage. I guess she delivered two thirds of the kids born in Talmage.

First sign of pain, go get Mrs. Jensen, go get Mrs. Jensen that's the first thing, horse and buggy and that's the way we went, brought Mrs. Jensen back. I guess more kids were delivered on the kitchen table than there was any place else.

MF: Yes, that's how they did it back then in a lot of these small towns.

CP: The fourth of July was always a special thing around Talmage there. They always had a celebration up town. But the thing that made it special was the fact that my dad would herd the cows and give us the day off to go to the celebration. We always had a dollar a piece, he'd always find a dollar for us. We had this dollar spending money, we could go to the celebration, the rodeo, the foot races, and everything that we wanted up there. And that was his one day.

Well one time we was discussing about going to the celebration, and he said to me in a joking way. If you'll stay and help me herd the cows, I'll take you on a fishing trip. Well that's it, no other way, oh come on and go, no, no, I'm going to stay here and help papa herd them cows were goin fishin. Well I didn't get to go on that fishing trip, until 1950, when I came home from the service, I said, were ready to take that fishing trip now. So this is thirty years at least. And I sat there waitin for him to get that fishing trip with him.

MF: Did you get your fishing trip?

CP: I got my fishing trip. I took him up to Yellowstone Park and spent the week up there. And that was my fishing trip with him. I've had these promises for all these years. Everybody knew it, you got a fishing trip comin, you gotta get it, you gotta get it, you gotta do it. Why it just never was convenient, never was. I took my dollar that I had allocation for the fourth of July. Spent fifty cents for it for an old cap gun up to Talmage there, and a roll of caps. And that other 50 cents it must have burned holes in everybody's pocket. But they wanted me to spend it. I held onto it and held onto it. Well here's your chance to spend it, you can buy a pair of bib overalls for fifty cents. Well the other kids, they took their dollar and they got their ice cream, and they done what they did. But I had to spend my fifty cents, for this cap gun that didn't have any more caps, you got one roll of caps with the gun. It had fifty shots on it, and that finish it. But the bib overalls I paid fifty cents for that I had my fifty cents money. That bothered me so many years there, that

everybody else got to spend their money, but me I ended up spending mine for overalls. That's my fishing trip with my dad.

MF: Well did you have fun anyway, in Yellowstone?

CP: Oh I couldn't think of anything that was exciting about it. Except the fact that he'd take off and wouldn't tell us where he was going or when he was going to come back. Two or three hours, and I was afraid he'd fall in the river somewhere and I was out trying to find him, and get back to camp, and there he was.

MF: Tell us about one of your favorite pets.

CP: Oh Barney was a favorite horse we had, he was two years old when we acquired him and when I left for Salt Lake some twenty-two years later old Barney was still in service, I don't know whatever happened to him.

MF: So how did you get Barney?

CP: My Grandpa Abner Potter when he died old Barney was part of my dad's inheritance. I went with my dad over to my Uncle Will Reynolds and got old Barney when he was two years old and brought him home with us.

Barney grew up we worked him, rode him done everything. There were two times riding old Barney to school. This was probably when I was in the fourth grade. Rare occasion we would get to ride a horse to school, it was two and half miles from the farm in Talmage up there to the school. We usually hiked up through the field, special occasions we would ride old Barney.

One day my sister Minnie and I was selected to ride old Barney to school. We threw a quilt on old Barney's back we got on the horse and rode to Talmage. The horse wasn't performing as well as we thought he should so we got a stick and we were doing a one, two three wack. Old Barney got the count he learned that the number three whack was when he would flinch, well that's what happen he flinch we both fell off. I landed on my head, it must have been a small concussion I had, anyhow we got back on old Barney and went on to school. I wasn't in the school but fifteen minutes and I got sick to my stomach. I cupped my hands up over my face and head for the door and would vomit. That was another day of embarrassment that was for me. My sisters and brothers and all my school kids that I went to school with there. If they wanted to embarrass me all they had to do was cup their hands over their mouth. That went on for years.

Another time Minnie and I was riding Old Barney, I don't know whether it was the same year or the year after. But we always had what we called a skull cap which was the top of an old nylon stocking we'd pull down over our ears to keep them from freezing. I was so busy holding on that I forgot that I had that cap in my pocket and I left my ears exposed. When I got to school they were monstrous I had water blisters on my ears as big as my ears. One of the ladies there said linseed oil is the best cure there is for that, so she got some cloth bandages and soaked them into linseed

oil. And that's the way I went to school for the rest of the school year with my ears bandaged up in linseed oil.

MF: Did you get frostbite on them?

CP: I got them froze, it was more than frostbite. They were absolutely frozen, big water blisters formed on my ears.

MF: Wow! I bet that was painful.

CP: That was the second time that we had the account with Old Barney. The rest of the time he was just an old horse to us.

MF: What sort of chores and work did you participate in when you were a young child?

CP: My job was gathering cedar bark off the trees, to start our coal fire on the stove. It was always my duty to gather the cedar wood bark and the kindling wood chips from the wood pile to start the fire first thing in the morning. That was the assignment that I was given. I was too young then to participate in the milking of the cows as the other kids had the job of doing.

MF: What interest and talents did you have early on?

CP: The only thing that I had in the summer time was pretty rocks. We would gather pretty rocks and name them our cows. That was our pastime, playing with these pretty rock cows on the farm. When we would herd the cows in the summer time, the girls older than me, they all had their own dairy herd, they all had their own cow herd of pretty rocks that we gathered.

MF: That's fun.

Do you have any other childhood memories, that we've left out that you want to share, or do you want to move on?

CP: Probably a thing that should be mentioned is what we called a track meet in Talmage. Once each year we would assemble the schools in the area there. Mountain Home School, Talmage School, Boneta School they would all take one day and they would all come together and do what we called a track meet. We had tests in mathematics, reading and whoever was the best in their grade level. Well I was a wiz at spelling. I was the best and when the thing ended I had won a blue ribbon in the fourth grade. Somewhere in the process this blue ribbon was awarded to another school, and I never did get it.

Two years ago I told my daughter about it. She went to a novelty shop and bought me a blue rosette ribbon with writing on it, fourth grade Spelling Bee. It's hanging in my home now. I earned that in the fourth grade I got it probably when I was seventy-six years old.

MF: Well you deserved that, you should have got it in the fourth grade. That's to bad.

CP: We realized then, and my teacher realized it at that time, but it was gone and there was nothing they could do about it.

CP: (Added from Tape#394 side B) Another childhood experience, when I was nine years old, my neighbor invited me to a birthday party. I was so elated to go that waited and waited and waited, I think the party was scheduled for two o'clock. I left home early in the day and cut across that old trail where we used to walk to school and mud, you can imagine what March brings mud must have been that deep. I got over to the birthday party, and I was mud from head to toe. That was the only birthday party that I ever attended.

(Added from Tape #395 Side A): I had a story about my Uncle Charlie, he used to haul freight particularly mining props, from the Uintah Basin to Park City. He'd sell his mining props out there, but he decided he needed a Cash crop. So in the ledges down on Big Hollow he installed a whiskey still. It was his favorite there to take a batch of whiskey in quart bottles. He could build five cases of quart bottles, and carry it in his grain bin, on his wagon that he supplied the grain to the horses. He could put these five cases of whiskey down in the oats and bring it through Park City and sell it to the miners out there. He got to popular I guess, because Sheriff Arzy Mitchell, he was the sheriff of Duchesne county for 60years , I don't know how many. But he found out about Uncle Charlie and his whiskey still. He came over there and Uncle Charlie was down to the still working. And he said, Charlie what cha' got? And he said. Oh this is my cash crop. He said, "It looks like a whiskey still to me", and he smashed it with a sledge hammer, and that was the end of it.

He lived to be seventy five years old, still gathering cedar post, still hauling them around, crippled old man there.

MF: So what was your Uncle Charlie's last name?

CP: Potter, he was Charles Westley Potter.

MF: And he lived in Duchesne?

CP: Yes

MF: Do you know what year that was in?

CP: That was probably along in the 1920's or 30's. But we lived down on the Big Hollow in the summer of 1927, so I know that's when he had the whiskey still there in 1927, 1928.

My neighbor Mr. Evan's out on the road from Talmage, to Boneta road comes straight down the hill and he lived right on the crest of the hill. He's the one that told papa that he wished that Uncle Charlie hadn't gone out of business because he had the best whiskey in the county.

CP: Something that might be a little funny. We had a four- year-old steer on the farm there, we kept him and kept him, and we were going to butcher him. He went out in the alfalfa field got bloated one time, he fell over and his tongue was sticking out about four feet, and somebody seen it, mama the bulls bloated. So, bring me the butcher knife. So somebody ran off with the butcher knife. That old bull was a groaning, and a moaning. She took that butcher knife and rammed it down. She measured a span from the hip bone and a span from the back bone where the triangle was, she knew that's where the stomach grew the closest to the hide. She calculated it and took that knife and jammed it down into that. And that old bull let out a beller and he jumped and that spout of green alfalfa and gas it blew up four feet high. It looked like Old Faithful. That old bull he jumped up and took off running across there.. It was a scary time, but I think of it now and it was funny.

MF: Did it die, or did it live?

CP: He lived, the hole healed up and she sold him for twenty- five bucks. Took the twenty- five dollars and paid for her divorce in 1931.

SCHOOL DAYS:

MF: Let's move onto your school days, what was school like when you first started going to school?

CP:(Tape #394 side A) I guess my first fist fight was in Boneta. In my first grade, one of my school pals Ted Fisher, he was in the first grade with me, we went out in recess and he found an old blanket on the ground full of dirt and he picked it up and threw it at me. It landed on me, and I tore into him. I bloodied his nose and I bawled harder than he did. Well, "why are you crying." Well, "I hurt him".

MF: Oh-- So where did you go after first grade from Boneta?

CP: We moved from first grade to Talmage for second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth grade in Talmage. The next five consecutive years I went to school in Talmage. I have the name of all my school teachers there. In my notebook.

MF: Can you remember any of them off hand without the notebook?

CP: First grade teacher 1927 Boneta School. Name was Miss Hogan and that's where I had my first fist fight in Boneta School.

Second grade teacher 1928 Talmage School name was Miss Alta Evans she didn't get away a Miss she married Laren Beckstead.

Third grade teacher 1929 Talmage School name was Delsa Hardman from Myton.

Fourth grade teacher 1930 Talmage School name was Miss Jones, she didn't get away with Miss she married an eligible bachelor from Talmage she married Wright Reynolds, my cousin.

Fifth grade 1931 Talmage School name was Lucille Sevy from Salt Lake City.
Most of our school years we walked from the farm to town two and a half miles each way. On a rear occasion we could ride the horse Barney to school.

Sixth grade 1932 teacher's name was Mr. Workman, Talmage School.
At that time when the depression was on nobody had any thing including the Potter family. We did have a gallon honey bucket full of beans. Well if you could imagine five kids sitting around a honey bucket full of beans with a spoon and that's the way we had our lunch at school. Or got between that and boiled hubbard squash made into sandwiches. Which the kids great fully called well what they called it wasn't nice. Any how that's how we did. A gallon of beans was good for a casual remark and a few fights.

1933 on the move again to Arcadia to live at Sy Oborn's place and ride the school bus to Myton
Seventh grade teacher Mr Cope this was where we lived in Sy Oborn's place on Lake Borham, after we left Talmage in the summer of 1933 went down to Arcadia and stayed at Sy Oborn's place until the middle of winter and then we was disrupted and shipped over to the log house where Lake Borham is now. And that's where we stayed for another year, through the summer of 1934 we stayed there and farmed that in the summer. I was thirteen years old at that time.

I had a little notebook that I carried in my pocket all the time. Out in the meadows when ever I'd find a birds nest I would record in my book what kind of birds they were. What was in the nest weather there was eggs or young birds or what ever kind of birds location, so I could go back and find them. And we made it through the summer. I wrote it down here, fighting mosquitos and fighting among ourselves we made it through.

In the fall of 1934 on the move again to Roosevelt, depression in full bloom no feed for the cow's government bought them for \$20.00 a head \$4.00 a head for calves.

Eighth grade started school in Roosevelt the teachers name was, Mr. Rutherford. Went to school in Roosevelt from September until the following February, packed up our bags and back to the ranch in Talmage again. Well at that time mama had her new boyfriend again so he went with us and moved back to the ranch in Talmage where we farmed again in 1934 and finished in the spring of 1935. I graduated from the eighth grade in Talmage, that's where I finished my formal education.

The next year I had just barely turned fifteen and Mr. Sparks the juvenile officer found out about me, that I wasn't sixteen, and so he was over there beatin on the door. Well," I understand you've got a boy that's got to get to school, you've gotta enroll him". Well you got to do what we gotta do. So they sent me to Altamont which is not very far away, went over there for about six weeks. I went to school in Altamont that was in spring of 1935 teacher was Mr. Wiscomb.(See CP.notes)

Following the spring of 1935 I dropped out school again and went over to Indian Bench just south of Roosevelt just out here toward white rocks. And worked for a man by the name of Frank McClure, worked with him until June and mother had gone back to Duchesne then from Talmage she moved to Duchesne up the Strawberry river up to a ranch up there where they decided they were going to farm this summer. Well they decided I was fifteen years old I would be more valuable to them to come and live with them. Rather than to continue on with Mr. McClure. In June I went back to the Strawberry river to live on the farm there in the summer of 1935.

Well school time started in the fall of 1935, here comes Mr. Sparks the juvenile officer knocking on the door looking for Charles, making sure he gets back to school. So through his effort they put me back in school in the Ninth grade in the fall of 1935. Well I didn't have no books; I didn't have any money; I didn't have no time for extra curricular activity basketball and stuff like that. No! "You gotta get home and do what you can around the home that's the place where you gotta be". Well Mr. Goff, the janitor of the school there found out that I didn't have the \$3.00 to pay for my student body fee. He gave me job for a \$1.00 a day for three Saturdays in order that I would have \$3.00 to pay for the ninth grade tuition. Mr. Bond was a principal there, he kinda took my side and I don't know he seemed to like me, but he went to root for me and wanted to get me back into school again, he felt that the only way that he could do that was to get me busy in the student body. And so he proposed that I should go along in the basket ball games throughout the basket ball season there to be the assistant, to pick up after the players and make sure they had their stuff in the bag. Later on 1936 school year I missed by three votes. There fore I didn't go back to school. I finished the ninth grade in the spring of 1936. That was the end of my schooling. My ninth grade teacher was Miss Madson, my Seminary teacher was Golden Barrett in Duchesne.(see CP notes).

I went from home to Duchesne, to a family by the name of Elmer Bates that lived on the Strawberry River. I went up and stayed with them from April until August. I was sixteen years old and nobody tells you what to do cause your going to do what you want to whether they like it or not. Anyhow I quit the farm at Strawberry River, and went back to Arcadia to be with two of my brothers and my dad, they had a big place there in Arcadia. I went to live with them for two years there. Nobody chased me anymore. I turned sixteen in July of 1937, and I was old enough then that the juvenile office couldn't chase me back to school. So I didn't go back for any further education after ninth grade.

YOUNG ADULT EXPERIENCES:

CP: We lived up the Strawberry river the balance of that summer and moved back down to Duchesne to try to stay the winter there in Duchesne. And you remember all about that time of year , it was the coldest winter that we've had in the state of Utah. It got as cold as 33 degrees below zero. That's where we stayed there on the Duchesne river, it was a little old cabin there.

Well the next spring I went back over to White rocks to see if I could get a job, with the guy that I'd worked with a couple of years before. I worked with him for the summer and then I came back to my brothers place. I was seventeen at that time and in July when I turned eighteen they had the program out to the CCC Camp. I joined the CCC in April (see CP notes) 1939 until March

31, 1940. They said, I could only enlist there for a year, and that's what I did I joined the CCC at Bridgeland. from Bridgeland to Pleasant Grove from Pleasant Grove to Altona and Altona back to Pleasant Grove to be discharged. When I got discharged April 1940, I went back to Roosevelt to live with my brother in Roosevelt Leonard and Doris. Leonard passed away a couple of years ago, and we was just out as we are here now we stopped by to see my sister in-law Doris she's eighty eight years old we stopped and visited with her for about an hour.

Well 1940 things were looking kinda bad, not making enough money here, I'll see if I can go get a job on a ranch down here south of Myton, I went to work down there for Slim Davis, in the early spring I helped him with his farm and helped him milk his cows. Saturday was creamery day we'd take all the separated cream and he would take the cream and go to Roosevelt get the cream check and maybe I'd see him again before next Tuesday. The next Tuesday here he'd come with no cream no check no money. We'll I put up with that until August, I had enough of that.

Their was an aqaintenance over in Roosevelt who bought a new thrashing machine, come on follow this thrasher here we could give you a bushel of grain for every hundred bushels of grain you thrash. That will be your pay one bushel on a hundred. So I worked that way until, oh I must a followed that thrasher there for about six weeks. And that got old.

MF: That's a lot of hard work for little pay.

CP: There was a place called Idaho, "Don't worry, they got big farms up there, you can always get a job on a farm in Idaho". So I took my tin suitcase, and I left my sole possessions with six bucks in my pocket, and hitched hiked to Salt Lake City. And that ended my career of the Uintah Basin.

End of (Tape # 394 Side a)

MF: Let's move onto how you met your wife?

CP: 1941 when I came to Salt Lake I didn't know enough about transportation to know what a taxi cap, what a bus was or what form of transportation was available. I walked from 21st East and 21st South and Sugar House out to 8th West and North temple carried my little old tin suitcase. I walked all that way, to my sisters place I had my sisters address, over on 8th West and North Temple and I walked there. She said, "Well where are you going"? And I said I'm going to Idaho to get me a job. If you go to Idaho you'll get lost. Stay here with us and get you a job here in town. Well I said ok if that's what you want I'll do it.

So I found a job in a service station Roads Service Garage on the corner 2nd South and 2nd East for fifty dollars a month, pump gas, park cars, do odd jobs around there. I worked there from the first of September, I don't suppose I was their over six weeks at that job.

Well they was building a arms plant that was right at the beginning of the war when they was making a ammunition factory there in Salt Lake built this small arms plant on 17th South and Redwood Road. It's a big industrial complex now. But it used to be a small arms plant there. They paid seventy five cents an hour for common labor . Imagine earning six dollars a day, that sure beats the hell of fifty dollars a month so I quit my job at the service station and signed on out to the old arms plant digging trenches out there, twelve foot trenches with pick and shovel. Well November came and froze up the hole deal and I was out of a job. No work no nothing, and I was still living there with my sister and her husband worked at a service station. That's the only thing that kept us going through the winter.

We had a Coconut Grove a big dance hall there in Salt Lake, where you'd have dances three nights a week, you could dance there for fifteen cents . So I'd go there as a stag and my wife in turn would go and pay her fare as a stag and that's how we met, there in the Coconut Grove ballroom. " I haven't got the fifteen cents to pay your fare, but I'll dance with you after you get here". So she'd pay her fifteen cents to get in and I'd pay my fifteen cents to get in. And we'd dance on and on through the winter. I met her in February at Coconut Grove, and off and on we would date there. Pay day would come and if I could afford a fifteen-cent movie why we'd go to a movie. If one Sunday would come around, with no money to spend we'd go to Liberty Park and walk or ride the row boats out on the pond there at Liberty Park it didn't cost no money. I had no money to spend for it so that's what we did on Sunday's. There was another park up 13th East and 1st South I forget the name of the park there, but they had some nice swings there and it wasn't so crowded as Liberty Park was in those days.

Well one time I felt real flush and wanted to go to Lagoon, we'd herd so much about Lagoon and to ride the train there. So we rode the train and spent all day at Lagoon, spent all my money in Lagoon. We got home on the last train. It was too late to catch the last bus home so she had to pay her cab fare home. She lived on 3rd Avenue and 13th East, I lived on 7th South and 2nd East she paid her fare home, I never had money to pay her fare. That was a source of embarrassment, for sixty one years never once did she ever mention a derogative manner that I would have to let her walk or pay her own way. I used to bring that up to her so many many times. It didn't embarrass me, I didn't mind doing it, You spent all your money on me at Lagoon and you didn't have the fare.

That's the way that it was, until the fall of 1942 when the draft started calling. Got my notice, showed her the notice and told her that I'd like to get married. September 1, 1942 she weaken and said she'd marry me outside the Temple. I had my draft notice in my pocket I was to report on the 12th of October 1942 to be inducted in the army notice and she knew that, she said it didn't make any difference. We went ahead and were married on the 1st of September and were married for six weeks, then I was drafted into the army, we were separated three years. I shipped off east and went to Nebraska and Massachuset's in the army. She came back to Nebraska in the winter of 1942 and it was freezing twenty- six below zero in a windswept prairie if you've ever been to Nebraska it's flatter than that table there and the wind blows sixty miles per hour night and day colder than cold. She had this little old penthouse apartment there, paid seven dollars a week for that third story hall there with a bed in it. She lived there from the fall, she came there in October while I was in school in Lincoln Nebraska going to mechanic school, and she was pregnant and she lived there in this little shack until February she couldn't stand the cold no longer. So we put

her on the bus and sent her home to her folks in Salt Lake where she stayed until after the oldest baby was born in June.

I was in Springfield Massachusetts when I got the telegram, that my wife had a baby, could I come home. So I got a furlough and came home. Our oldest daughter was four days old before I knew if I had a boy or a girl.

So I served my ten- day furlough there and went back to Springfield Massachusetts. When my oldest girl Charlotte she was born June 6, 1943, and this was the first of August. Vera boarded the train and came back to Springfield Massachusetts carried a baby basket in her arm. And was only there for two weeks in Springfield, I was transferred to Long Island. So she followed me to Long Island where she stayed until December. I was getting ready to ship over seas, so she stayed there in Long Island as long as she could. We were scheduled to pull out around the first of November, I don't remember exactly when but I got ten day leave and brought her and the baby back to Salt Lake.

Returned back to my Farming Dale post there. I went from Farming Dale, New York, back to Springfield Massachusetts, and shipped out of Boston, on the fourteenth of November 1943. I left the States and was shipped to England and landed in Scotland came down through Scotland rode the train from Scotland down to sixty miles south of London, down to Hannover and was stationed in Hannover there, and waiting there until the invasion. We knew it was coming but we didn't know when, that was in the winter of 1943 when they invaded in June of 1944.

I was assigned to the Air Force there of P47 planes, I was a mechanic there of P47 planes and we followed the Army all the way through that. We were in France Invasion on the sixth and on the ninth we were in France following that close behind the advancing columns of tanks and stuff. We offered support to the advanced column of troops.

Our first base was ten minutes from the time we took off and they dropped their bomb until they were back refueling. Just a ten minute turn around, sixteen hours a day of day light in Europe. Just like it is in Alaska except it's twenty hours of daylight.

And when we're flying planes offering those bombs. They finally got a breach head made and one of them passed St. Lo France and pulled off into Reims France and that was our next move in France. We went into Reims and then from there on into Belgium and finally in Germany when the war ended a year and half later when the war ended in May we was declared occupation we was in Weidenberg Germany and occupation forces. We stayed there from the time the war ended in May we were occupation force and we had to stay there and occupy Germany.

The first of November we got our return to United States all went out to Marseille, France boarded a ship in Marseille and sailed back to Boston were we left two years prior.

Came home three days on a troop train, and Vera and the baby met me at the Rio Grande Depot and that was all their was to it.

CP: I went back to my job in Safeway, I stayed with Safeway from when I got out in November 1945, I was discharged. I went back to Safeway warehouse and I stayed there until October of

1949. I wasn't completely happy there.

A guy offered me job. Oh I'm gonna make a salesman of ya. Appliance Store I think all he wanted was somebody to wash his old appliances there. Anyhow I grabbed it and I was with him from the 1st of August until Christmas Eve, he came in with a slip, you're laid off on Christmas Eve. I had no money saved, no potential of another job. I thought oh.

Two weeks between Christmas eve and the third of January, I filled in applications and everything there was in Salt Lake. I was beatin the street all day long so on the 3rd of January I started work at Associated Grocers. I stayed with Associated until August of 1953 and I wasn't completely happy with the chain of events. This is company policy, nothing we can do about it. I said, I went through the same thing at Safeway. Your bringing in the Junior man and giving him the better job so I quit.

I went up to the Veterans Hospital ninety dollars every two weeks, with two kids and family support you couldn't live on ninety dollars. So I went out there and worked in this warehouse on nights until I got my call from the Post Office. The first of April 1954, I started at the Post Office and I stayed there for twenty- six years later. I was retired from the Post Office on the 14th of May 1980. It will be twenty six years in this coming May since I retired.

I spent twenty six years with the Post Office; and I've been out of service for twenty six years now. First of April two weeks ago I spent my fifty second year since I started AG.

(Insert from C.P. notes) We had four children Charlotte, born June 6, 1943, Jean born August 18, 1946, Maxine born November 18, 1950, Vernon born May 8, 1955.

We bought a little home on 5th East and 2940 South in Salt Lake City, we've been there ever since. It will be fifty five years last November since we moved down there.

MF: Wow, well it sounds like you've definitely lived a challenging life. You made the best of what you've been given and you've worked hard at it.

CP: We followed the carnival trade from 1954 on up until seventeen years. That was 1974, we followed the carnival trade, the local County fairs here, Duchesne County, Wellsville, Coalville, Heber. We had a circuit we followed for the fourth of July. We'd always start out in Magna on the fourth of July and make a complete circle. We had eight stops, eight weekends that we included in this tour for seventeen years.

In the mean time we bought us a snow cone trailer, in 1964 when the snow cone trailer at that time it was a jewelry trailer. A man had it made especially for his jewelry trailer. We went and ripped everything out, outside and inside out. And set us up a cotton candy machine and a snow cone machine and a pop corn machine, and displayed that and carried that for thirty two years at the state fair.

It was 1954 was my first occasion that I was affiliated with carnival business. Well it goes back

before that. When they had the plays up at the University of Utah. There was a guy one of our neighbors, he ran a pillow concession stand. He had pillows for rent for the people coming into attend the summer plays. He needed somebody there to sell his cushion's off for people to sit on. So Vera would sit with him there and sell the cushions and rent them for twenty- five cents a piece. After the show we would all go around and pick up the pillows off their bench and bring them in. Well that went on I don't know she was probably there, a couple of years doing that.

I kinda got the idea, well maybe I could do something so, I started up at the University of Utah selling ice cream bars during Intermission. I'd make fifteen percent of the money. I'd sell these nickle bars for fifteen cents a piece, I'd chase around the audience there during intermission time, where I sold ice cream bars.

Well the guy kinda liked my style, so he knew a guy that was in the carnival business. One labor day weekend he wanted somebody to help him operate his place in Bountiful. He had a stand up there, and he wanted somebody to run a bingo tent for him. I thought, well I don't know anything about it, but I'll try it though. So I went up there and ran the bingo game for him. He had a big old tent like this and people went in, and I'd call the numbers for them. He liked me so well, that the next day he said I need somebody to go over to Magna for me, I've got a celebration over there, I need somebody to sell my novelties and souvenirs there. So my wife and I said, well we've never done it before, but well try it. We went over there and he liked us so well. He said, well how about you guys go on this carnival trade with us were going to Wellsville for the 24th and then were going on over to somewhere else for the County Fair. Well why not its Friday night we'd go and set up for him. And Saturday and Sunday they'd operate their carnival. Well I was carrying mail then and I couldn't get off of work so I'd go after work Friday night I'd go over to the carnival grounds and set up our booth's and stuff there at the carnival where it was at. Then I'd drive home after I'd get through with the business there Friday night carry my mail for me Saturday and finish my job on the mail carrier 2:30 in the afternoon. Then I'd go back in the car and I'd go back to the carnival grounds. Well Vera was there operating alone until the kids got old enough. They kinda came and took over there. Finally settled down to the point where he said, I don't want to run it anymore, Do you want to buy the outfit from me. Why not, so we bought what we call a glass pitch it's a four by four table with all kinds of fancy glass wear on it under a canvas canopy. Vera operated that. Well I had another contraption four- feet long and a little car that run back and forth on a thing with numbers or marked for whatever this car that bounced back. They'd give him a quarter and bounce his car, and whatever stop the car stopped on that was the prize they'd get, and that was his job. Vernon, he ran that for himself since he was eleven or twelve years old. I ran the novelty stand with souvenir, and novelties of all kind, that was my job. My daughter Jean she had, they called it the Balloon Bust Game in a tent there with board with the balloon on it. You punch a balloon with a dart you win a prize. Well that went on for seventeen years. We traveled our circuit and done that. Then when the State Fair would come the carnival was over on Labor day that would be our last day. Then the fair would start the first week in September and the old fella that we were working with said, I know a trailer down here that's available for you. Do you want to buy it? Well what have you got, well it's a jewelry trailer you can drop this flap up and make your awning there. Yack, Yack, Yack, on. Why not, I gave him four hundred dollars for the trailer. Went and bought us a snow cone grinding machine with an electric motor on it to grind the ice, and paid a hundred dollars for that. Over at the candy company they had a cotton

candy machine one of these old fashion out fits there, with a six inch head on it, wanted a hundred dollars for that, well take it. So we had us a snow cone machine, and a cotton candy machine we operated the first two years there. And then he said, well why don't you put in a rack up here with popcorn on it, and have your popcorn display here. So we put snow cone, cotton candy, and popcorn. For thirty- two years we operated our business at the State Fair there.

MF: And you still worked at the post office?

CP: I still worked at the post office. I'd get my weeks vacation scheduled the week that the fair was there. So on my hours off when I couldn't do it myself, well Vernon and my wife and my other two daughters were working along with them there. They were all filling in with their spare time they had. Go to school all day and rush out there out to the fair at night. And operate the thing until 11:00 o'clock at night.

MF: Sounds like you were quite the Entrepreneur.

CP: The greatest thing a man ever said to me one time, was man you're a hustler, he meant if I want it I go after it.

MF: Where are some of your favorite places that you have visited, and maybe some of the trips that you have taken?

CP: Hunting trip with Maxine and Dad on the Green River years ago. We used to go down there hunting on the Green River we'd always take a float trip down the river. We did that three or four trips. That was with my daughter, she would have been sixteen in November, and she shot her four point buck on the Green River when she was fifteen years old.

MF: So did you float down on Rafts?

CP: Six men raft, we would get on the river and float from Ouray down to Green River City. Four days over on the river, that's the way we did it every year. I enjoyed that.

Made a trip to Mardi Gras in New Orleans; my wife and I spent four days in Mexico City, and enjoyed that. My son and my wife and I spent four weeks in Europe, and a week in Scotland, we spent a week on the Yucatan Peninsula with a tour boat one time, investigating the Book of Mormon and all the ruins down there in the Yucatan Peninsula. Panama Canal we crossed through three times. We've been in and out of the Panama Canal three different times. Then Peru, Carribean Islands, there's five or six Islands down there, Antigua, Barbados, I couldn't start to tell you, we've been there two or three times, to those same Islands. Alaska, we made two trips to Alaska, one trip in 1968 when we drove our camper, everybody went up the Alcan highway that went up as far as Anchorage, we drove up as far as Anchorage, they didn't have any roads between Anchorage and Fairbanks at that time. So we took what they called the old moose gooser it was the Alaska railroad. We went up to Fairbanks one night and come back the next day on the train back to Anchorage Alaska . Got our camper and down the highway we came.

And our last trip was 1986 my Sister her husband and her daughter wanted to go down to see their son in South Carolina. So we took a three- week trip, and the five of us got in the car, we covered seven states down there. We went into Colorado, across Kansas, and into Nebraska.

MF: How fun, but a lot of driving though.

CP: About a 3,000 mile trip, by the time we made it there but it was a nice trip.

Our Fiftieth Anniversary was in 1992, and the kids all got together and gave us a trip to Anchorage and Fairbanks Alaska and back. We flew up to Fairbanks and came back on a ship. That was one of my favorite trips.

MF: Oh that sounds like everybody's dream.

MF: Who are some of the special people in your life?

CP: The first one is my wife Vera.

And the second man in my life that was more impressive on me than anybody else, was a fellow that everybody knew was Henry. He lived on my mail route when I carried mail. He was an educated man, he just knew everything their was from the name of the stars to what was going on in the far country over there. He worked on one job for 52 years, he worked for International Harvester Company for 52 years. He retired from that when he was seventy- two, then he joined my force and for the next twenty years we had done everything. He called us Salvage and Reclamation Engineers, that's us if it needed fixin, we'd fix it and if it couldn't be fixed, we'd junk it out and sell it for scrap metal. Awe, that was his favorite name for us, Salvage and Reclamation Engineers.

Keate Cook was another guy he'd done me a favor one time that I'll never never never forget. He was on my mail route also, and he had emphysema so bad that he couldn't climb a flight of stairs. He spent eighty percent of his time in bed, and he took his garage and converted it into a rock shop where he could take geodes and cut them. And we'd go out in the geo beds out here by Dugway, and dig geodes and stuff like that . And Keate, honored me with the fact, that when my second daughter was married he got out of a sick bed. He wasn't strong enough to walk up and down flight of stairs but he got out of a sick bed on a April shower, snow, wind everything. And he made a trip from his home down to the reception center. For my daughters wedding, if I live a hundred and fifty, I'll never live down the memories of that. I thought that was the nicest thing that ever happen to me in my life. That a man would get out of bed so bad that he couldn't do anything for himself. But he would make that trip to a wedding reception. He went out to tend his Dahlias in his back yard one spring morning and he didn't come back in the fifteen twenty minutes his wife thought he should. She went out, and there he was dead er than dead.

MF: Do you have any favorite poems or something that you have written that you would like to share?

CP: Yes I do it is called the “The Last Leaf”.

The Last Leaf
By Oliver Wendell Holmes

I saw him once before as he passed by the door. And again the pavement stone resounds as he totters over the ground with his cane.

They say and in his time er the pruning knife of time, as cutting down but not a better man was found by his choir on his rounds through the town.

My grandmother she has said, “Poor Old Lady she is dead long ago. That he had a Roman nose and his cheeks were like a rose in the snow.

But now he walks the streets and looks at all he meets sad and wan. He shakes his weary head and seems as if he has said they are gone.

The mossy marble rests on the lips that he has pressed in their bloom. The names he loved to hear, had been carved for many a year on the tomb.

I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin, at him here but the old three-cornered hat reaches in all of that were so queer.

If I should live to be the last leaf on the tree in the spring, let them smile as I do now at the old forsaken bough where I cling.

CP: In my book I have two of my own personal favorites poems that I have written. “If I were an artist”. And “ These Old Hands.”

MF: Do you want to read one of those ones?

CP: I could probably recite it to you, but chances are I would get half way through it, an flub it.

There was an ad in the newspaper one time about some company back east was going to print one of your original writings. And we will send you BLA, BLA, BLA, we will do all this and we will do all that. So I sent them a story, a copy of one of my poems. This is kind of a break off of it here, kind of a sarcastic remark to one of their advertisements, I sent to them.

I only write about the things I see, just for the amusement of you and me. There are sunshine and shadows along our way, how we interpret them is what make’s our day.

Now this is my sarcastic remark to the advertisement it got.

Please take my poetry and do as you will, save yourself some postage and don't send me a bill. If you want my autobiography just send me a twenty if you want more poetry I can write you plenty. I have been suckered once the blame is mine if I've been suckered twice the blame will be thine. This should make about line twenty, if you print it my pleasure will be plenty.

They sent back a copy of that and they printed it, for me and sent me a copy of it.

MF: Good

CP: This is one of my first poems.

"These Old Hands"

These old hands have held the laughter, these old hands have felt the pain.
These old hands have strength and character, never to return again.
These old hands have earned a living, even though they are old and wrinkled now.
They have wiped many gallons of water, from a warm and sweated brow.
These old hands have known the pleasure, of a job well done.
To assist in raising three daughters, and a son.
These old hands are weak and old and tremble now, and hang loosely by the side.
But to see their accomplishments, they are filled with pride.

MF: That's wonderful, I like that.

LEAVING A LEGACY

MF: What would you like to pass down to your future generations?

CP: I have four children, five grand kids and nine great grand kids.

My grandson is a Lawyer, a new attorney here this last May and he was talking to me one day about writing his thesis for his school. And I said well what are you going to put in your thesis there? And he said, I don't know what would you suggest? And I said, well you need push and polish. What do you mean by that push and polish?

You got to have a little ambition and you got to have a little schooling. You can't have a lot of both or a lot of either one. You can have all the ambition in the world, it will get you know

where. If you're the smartest man in the world you don't have any ambition to do anything about it. It don't do you dam bit of good. So you gotta have push and polish in order to achieve in this life. And he wrote that in his thesis, and based that on his thesis.

MF: So a little bit of your advice has been passed down to your future generations.

CP: I thought that was the greatest thing that ever happened to me, that he would take that phrase and put it into something as important as his thesis.

CP: Whenever I say to one of them, oh you're a hard worker, they say, well we had a good teacher.

CP: So if I've passed on a legacy, one that's worth passing on. That would be the one, that I would say. I was a Hard worker!

And another would be if you want it go after it, don't sit on your butt, and whine people's not going to bring it to you.

Don't lay awake at night wondering if your husband is true to you, lay awake at night making sure he has a reason of being true to you.

That would be my greatest legacy to pass on to my family.

MF: What are some of your favorite phrases?

CP: My health is average a few aches and pains don't move as fast as I once did, eat regular, sleep a lot, guess I will survive to a ripe old age. If I live long enough!

If you want it - go for it!

You need a little push and polish!

Ask only for a chance, the rest is up to you!

I don't have an enemy in the world, I have out lived them all!